

-----

Title: Log

Author: Vincent

-----

This place no doubt is the worst I have ever seen, we have lost two men here, total of five now. We take refuge in this room, and operate the cannon to defend ourselves as we send out small gruoups to continue seraching.

The tinker fool again asked me more of the Magical Password device, claiming it was not possible, and that his tinkering skills were supreme. Well, I told him the way the device works is that actually the password is 8 syllables strung together into ONE word, and actually it's only four words said in such quick succession, it only sounds like a large word. Now that I divulged the secret that it isn't really that complex of a mechanism, he admits it was a bit more ingengious than what his tinkering skills are capable of.

Well, he better hope we find this Tuning Fork soon, because I no longer have any men to protect him. After here, we'll journey to where the skies are filled with smoke as we can see just over the moutain range.